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THE REAL

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GH0STBUSTERS™

SCARES
PLEASE!



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There's plenty of room for all you horrible lot in this week's issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, as we take you all on a haunted bus ride that you won't forget too soon in this week's text story, **Ghost Bus-Tours!**

*Rubber glove wearers of the world unite! There's mop mayhem ahead for the Ghostbusters when they confront a ghostly cleaning lady that's wreaking havoc of a hygienic sort in **Ghostduster!** It'll put you off spring cleaning for life ... or even longer!*

There's more *good clean fun* in part two of **Ghost Gangsters**, plus all your other regular favourites. So don't waste a second, put down your broom and read some more truly horrifying tales ... honestly! Would we *soft-soap* you?

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ

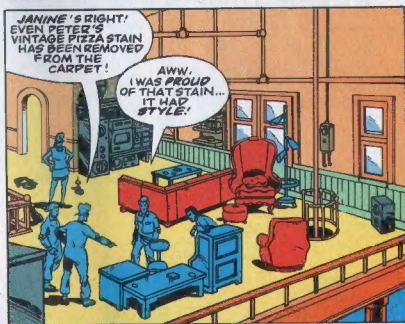


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



GHOSTDUSTER!



SOON...INSIDE EGON'S LAB...



IN PETER'S BEDROOM...



OUTSIDE...



SLIMER! WHAT
HAPPENED?



JANINE! YOU'VE
RUINED MY
JACKET!

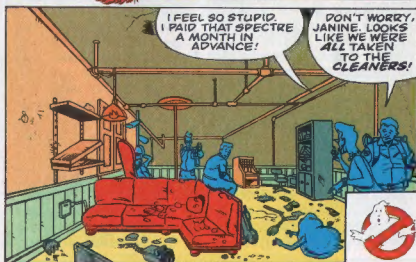


I'M GETTING STRONG
PKE* READINGS. THAT
CLEANING LADY MUST
BE A GHOST!









SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

In 1967, eight scientists from the Belgian *Institute of Un-Belgian Activities*, spent nineteen hours in the tunnels of the Paris Metro, trying to trace a colleague who had gone missing some three weeks earlier. The team had theorised that their colleague had accidentally boarded a phantom Metro train that had manifested at his stop (Gare Du Nord) and disappeared, along with him, when it reached Cardinal Lemoine. Despite the fact that the colleague later turned up in Brent Cross with a wary look on his face, the Belgians went ahead and submitted a paper based on their theory to the American based *Society for Procuring Equine Cadavers and Flogging Them Repeatedly*. Max Stjik (pronounced 'Bannister'), president of the society, developed a keen interest in this 'theory of Phantomic Public Transportation Arrangements' and spent nine years compiling an extensive list of case histories. The list was published in 1979, and it's a little bit more interesting than a set of Southern Region Timetables.

Wrong End of the Stjik

The best place to start reading Stjik's massive work is at the end, where he begins to theorise. Stjik maintains that the existence of numerous phantom public transport systems explains a great deal of the



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mysteries of the occult. Houdini, Stjik claims, escaped from all his devilish traps by hopping aboard passing spectral taxis and getting out in safety. This theory produced a hearty 'Uh huh' from the academic community. Stjik went on, and reckoned that the City of Atlantis had been lost in a massive ecto-explosive detonation when a ghostly DC 10 belonging to Brattish Zuulways had 'piled it in' en route to Lemuria during fog-bound conditions. At this, the academic community scratched its head and passed round secret memos advising itself to humour Stjik until a place for him could be secured at the *Virginian State Home for the Non-Plussed*. Off went Stjik again. The dinosaurs, he theorised, had become extinct overnight at the end of the Mesozoic era, not

because of solar radiation, the coming of the flowering plants, the planet Nemesis, or even repeated exposure to the football highlights. They had in fact all climbed aboard a bunch of ectoplasmic buses that had all come along at once and been whisked off to the putrid depths of the Gehenna Terminus Garage. This upset the academic community quite a bit. Looneys they could stand. Unashamed Yib Yib radio rentals they could tolerate in short doses (Dr Helga 'Noddy' Backgammon and his performing Rubber Barn, for instance). They didn't even mind talentless ex brain-donors pretending to be scientists and publicly getting hold of the wrong end of the stick and beating about the bush (or the horse) with it. However, what the scientific brotherhood really disliked, it turned out, was blatant and gratuitous use of the 'lots of buses all came along together' chestnut. Stjik was laughed out of the Science Congress buildings when he tried to give a lecture on his paper.

Dejected, he wandered home, and waited in the road for ninety minutes for a bus. He was on the point of giving up waiting when he was suddenly killed by ... a falling crate of assorted chocolate sweets. Ho ho. I know what you were *thinking* I was going to say ...



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WITH
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CARTOON TIME

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Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

All's fare in love and war as the Ghostbusters are about to discover . . .
in Arizona.

"I expect that I'd better introduce myself first," said the driver, "it will save confusion later. My name's Eisner Cunningham, and I work for London, Arizona Inc."

"Y'see, some time ago, way back before microwave ovens and the return of flared trousers, a rich American business man bought London Bridge," continued Cunningham.

"Now, word has it that what he thought he was buying was Tower Bridge – you know, the right pretty one with the rising 'drawbridge' middle. Seems he wasn't too pleased when he found he'd bought the old London Bridge – and not only that, he'd paid for it to be taken down, shipped to his estate in Arizona and re-built, slap bang in the middle of the desert."

"Well, he figured it would be a great tourist attraction – just the thing for people to visit if they couldn't actually fly to London for their holidays that year. Right beside the bridge is a special London street area, with a British public house, red telephone boxes, pillar boxes and everything English. It's a really popular place for tourists to visit, and when they travel round it, of course there's the London bus to travel in – a red double-decker."

"Which is where the trouble started," announced Cunningham.

"Now, I've never met the man that bought the bridge, but I've worked for London, Arizona Inc. for – well, I can't rightly remember how long I've worked for them. Gilbert P. Waskins III was the manager of the whole tourist resort – hired him on account of his work in Los Angeles, down at Wubble World. Suppose they must have been desperate, what with the regular manager being taken ill all of a sudden."

"Now Gilbert just had no idea of the

heap of trouble he was making for himself when he started laying down the law about how the place should be run. Brought in special uniforms with 'I Love Britain' on the back, checked on everyone to see they were coming in to work on time – and docking pay if they didn't. He wasn't particularly popular, I can tell you. He was always a bit odd, too. He kept staring over his shoulder all the time and didn't like to be left alone too often," the driver continued.

"Anyway, the real problems started when he altered the bus schedule. Well, I tried to warn him – I'd driven the bus for nigh on – well, probably since before you were born. I knew the bus had a sort of life of its own, ever since the thing arrived, but I didn't know just how much of a life until I tried to start her on the new schedule."

"Well, the thing just wouldn't move!" explained Cunningham. "I turned the ignition key and the engine was dead. No accounting for it – the thing was in perfect working order. I checked the diesel oil, checked the sump, checked the battery, but found nothing. So I told Mr Waskins."

Of course he was furious. 'If you can't get her started, Cunningham, I'll find someone who will!' he stormed. 'I want to get the bus off far earlier in the morning, to catch the early crowds'. I had looked out the window. It was eight o'clock in the morning and the only thing moving outside was that fair-haired young man who was looking for something under a rock, and an old coyote chasing some birds. I mean, no-one in their right mind gets up early in the morning on their holiday, right?"

"Right," replied Winston.

"Waskins stormed out of his office and headed for the bus," the driver added. "Well, by now it was fast approaching

the regular time for the bus to run. Well, strike me if the thing didn't start up by itself!" "Weird," I said scratching my head.

"It's haunted," Waskins had said. 'I just know it's haunted!' 'Come on,' I replied, 'could just be the motor, acting up.' 'I used to run an electronics company in New York,' moaned Waskins, shaking his head. 'Some poltergeist ran amok and wrecked the place - put me out of business.' He turned away from the bus as it spluttered, happily. That fair-haired young man had wandered up to see what all the fuss was about. 'It's come back to haunt me!' Waskins had cried."

"Most unscientific," the young man had replied. 'Anything I can do to help?'

"Fares please!" came a scream from behind me. Right by the bus, there was a ghost, all right, all decked up in a proper British bus conductor's uniform. 'I told you!' squealed Waskins. 'Do something!' he said."

"What he expected me to do, I just didn't know - but then I noticed he'd grabbed your young blond-haired friend, who was holding that weird looking instrument in his hand. 'Undercover operation,' murmured your friend. 'It appears that you, Mr Waskins, are a magnet for ghostly activity - now, if we can just find out why ...'

"What happened then," asked Winston.

"I'm paying you good money to deal with this sort of thing," Waskins had screamed. 'Deal with it!'

"So while Waskins was talking, two more of your young friends raced up towards the bus, with big packs on their backs and all dressed in overalls. Of course, I knew it was The Real Ghostbusters - I'd seen you on television once, but never in real life! 'All aboard now,' the ghost had squealed, pressing the start button just as one of your Ghostbusters grabbed the pole on the bus's end platform. The bus took off - and so did your friend! 'Peter!' shouted your fair-haired bespectacled friend. 'No standing on the platform!' the ghost had screamed, as Peter swung

himself right *through* the ghost and into the bus, just as it started roaring over London Bridge."

"Just for my records, could you tell me what happened next," questioned Winston.

"Well, I don't rightly know what happened next. There was a big green flash from the bus, and then it crashed over the side of the bridge and into the lake that it stretched over. The other Ghostbusters raced up to it, and dragged your friend Peter from the bus. I helped, of course - the whole thing was so much fun."

"You must have upset some dormant spook when you changed the bus schedules," explained Winston. "Seems Waskins was unpopular with the dead as well as the living, poor fella."

"Perhaps you should have asked the bus for its opinion first," I said to Waskins, 'You know, involve the workers ...' 'Involve the workers? Talk to buses? Never! I quit' squealed Waskins, storming off. 'I should have stuck with electronics - machines understand me.'"

"I don't know what he's moaning about," said Peter, slapping Winston on the back. "The idea seems 'fare' enough to me ..."



WAX WEIRDO'S

These bright sparks were found to be causing chaos at a birthday party. It seemed that the candles on little Johnny's birthday cake were more than a little intent on getting on someone's wick. The candles had come from Wonder Wax Waxworks, and it's owner was a fanatical, bumbling collector of ancient incantations. Apparently, the absent-minded man had been reading his latest find during his tea break and had uttered an incantation which brought to life inanimate

objects. Unfortunately, he remained oblivious to the fact that his vat of wax had become possessed by a doppelganger spirit that could imitate just about anything this side of the spiritual divide. Candles were just the beginning. This spook could even do a passable impression of a Real Ghostbuster, well, a wax Ghostbuster in any case. Still, the power of a Proton Gun was enough to melt away this wax weirdo and snuff out the doppelganger once and for all.



What is more exciting than an
Easter Egg and doesn't rot your
teeth?

The answer is, of course, a great Easter Special from Marvel!
Choose from three great flavours...

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YOGI BEAR



WOWSER

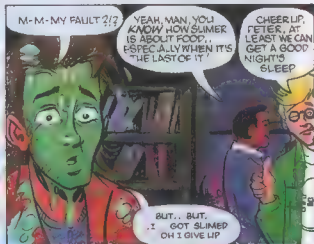
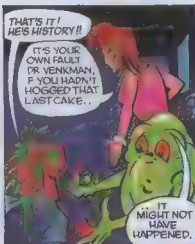


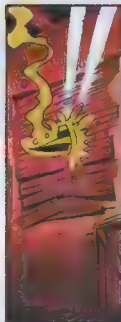
Freshly hatched from MARVEL this Easter.

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

Part Two: The secret vault of old-time gangster, Caesar Caldoni, has been discovered and opened live on television. The vault contains Caldoni's old car and nothing else. Or does it...?







JUS' LOOKIT 'EM RUN !!

YEAH, AN' DEY NEVA' KNO' WHA' HIT 'EM !!

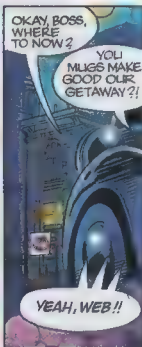


BLASTDEM !!
BLASTDEM !!

VENT / LATE 'EM !!



...JUS' LIKE
OL' TIMES.



OKAY, BOSS,
WHERE
TO NOW ?

YOU
MUGGS MAKE
GOOD OUR
GETAWAY ?!

YEAH, WEB !!



GOOD, THEN WE MOVE
TO HIT CALDONI !!

SHOULDN'T WE
LAY LOW FOR
A TIME, BOSS ?

NO !!
CALDONI TRIED
TO PUT A HIT ON
ME !...

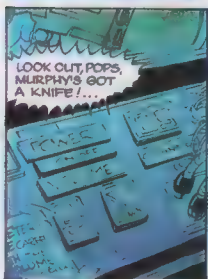
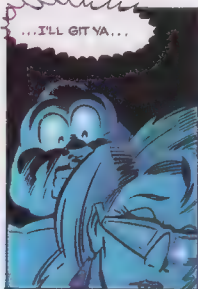
AND WHEN YOU
HIT WEBBYM'BAIN,
YOU HIT TO BE HIT
BACK ... HARD !



MEANWHILE AT GHOSTBUSTER CENTRAL.

"YA NO GOOD SCUM !"

HUINH ?



DEAD TRUE!



There was once a priest by the name of Father Gurdon who served at a mission in London's East End. One evening at the end of a particularly tough day, the doorbell rang and a well-dressed lady stood looking rather frantic.

She pleaded with the priest to call in on someone who lived a few streets away. She offered to lead the way and said that the last rites would need to be administered. Father Gurdon walked with the woman in silence, and no sooner had they reached the door when she turned and disappeared into the darkness. He rang the bell and was met by a servant who explained that the members of the household were all in perfect health. The priest told of the mysterious woman

and her insistent request, and was led upstairs to a sitting-room where he was introduced to a pleasant young man of around twenty-five.

The owner stressed that there must be some misunderstanding, but realised that the house call had been made out of concern and insisted that the priest join him for dinner. During the course of the evening, the host confessed that he had been a lapsed member of the church since his mother died, three years before. He then led the way into the library and showed Father Gurdon a magnificent portrait of his mother. A puzzled expression appeared on the clergyman's face, he was sure that he had seen her somewhere before, but that was impossible, surely! The priest thanked the young man for his kindness and the two

men arranged to meet up at the mission chapel the next morning. However, the following afternoon, when it became obvious that the appointment had been broken, the priest decided to pay another visit to the young man. He arrived to find the curtains drawn and the house in apparent darkness. The door was opened by the distraught elderly housekeeper who between sobs, explained that her young employer had unfortunately passed away during the night.

Suddenly, Father Gurdon realised what had disturbed him about the portrait that he'd seen the previous evening. It seemed that he had been led to the house on the last night of the young man's life by his worried mother's ghostly apparition!



GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yo! How are things with you Ghostbusters' fans out there. Have you seen any good ghosts lately. If so, why not write in and tell uncle Pete about it!

Dear Peter...

Please will you answer my questions:

1. Which hotel did Slimer slime you in?
 2. Will there be an ECTO-4?
 3. Why didn't Winston train to be a Ghostbuster when you, Egon and Ray did?
 4. Who chose Janine to be your receptionist!
- Jonathan Li.

1. It was the Sedgewick Hotel, on the twelfth floor to be exact! Don't you remember?
2. We'll just have to wait and see! 3. Well, Winston didn't go to college with us so he had to train to be a Ghostbuster as he went along. That's why he's got such a down-to-earth manner, I guess! 4. We advertised in the newspapers

for a receptionist and along came Janine. That's also how we found Winston, but he didn't want to be a receptionist! Ha!

Please can you answer my question:
 In the film 'Ghostbusters II', Ray's hair was like yours, and your hair was like Ray's. How come?
 — Christian Jegard, Jersey.

It's all because we went to Monsieur Le Snip's salon, and he only knows how to do one hairstyle!

Please could you answer these few questions:

1. What was the Fact File in Issue one of The Real Ghostbusters?
 2. Do you play with Slimer?
- Daniel Matthews, Glasgow.

1. It was yours truly, the most handsome, the most daring, the most modest of the incredibly wonderful Ghostbusters! 2. All right, I admit it! Occasionally I do play football with him... but only because footballs are so expensive!

I have some questions I'd like to ask you:

1. Do the ghosts ever eat The Real Ghostbusters?
 2. Do you live anywhere other than the office?
 3. Do you ever throw anything at Slimer?
 4. Does Slimer have a favourite food?
- Alan Phillips, Sheffield

1. Hmmm, not really. Some have tried and failed, but I guess we're a pretty unappetising bunch to any self-respecting spook! 2. When we get the chance. A lot of our time is spent at the HQ because we're always on call, but we do all have our own apartments. 3. Does a Ghostbuster bust ghosts? Sure! To me, Slimer is just one moving target! 4. All food is a favourite to Slimer. He's a pretty indiscriminate gourmet.

I have some questions to ask you:

1. Who does Janine like apart from Egon?
 2. What kind of sport do you like?
 3. What kind of films do you like?
 4. Why is Slimer's mouth bigger than his belly?
- Colin Smith, Co. Durham

1. Well, our Janine has loads of friends, so she likes just about everybody apart from the mailman on Valentine's Day and the occasional pointy-tooth demon who has no manners! 2. I never was the kind of guy who was into your average run-of-the-mill sports. I mean, I like to watch the ball game on TV, but in practise I keep my athletic hobbies down to the bare minimum of Slimer-baiting and Ghostbusting! 3. Action-packed ones and horror movies! 4. Obviously you haven't had a good close up look at the green gunk-ball's paunch. It's pretty massive!

DIVE INTO A SCRUMPTIOUS

SLIMER!

CHEWY BAR-

FREE WITH ISSUE EIGHT!



BEFORE SLIMER GETS THERE FIRST!

FROM MARVEL

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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London
WC2



Why did the skeleton run up the tree?

Because a dog was after his bones!

— Martin Hannon, So'ton

Why are monsters' fingers never more than eleven inches long?

Because if they were more, they'd be a foot!

— Thomas Hartshorn, Congleton

Why didn't Dracula get married?

Because he was a bat-chelor!

— Daniel Sheppard, Essex

Why were the boy and girl vampires unhappy?

Because their love was in vein!

Why do skeletons drink milk?

Because it's good for the bones!

— Niki Mann, Macclesfield



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paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

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.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....

